



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

wooded island as wild as a Sierran valley, and then passing out into the dark lake until the city was a string of jewels in the distance. And at night, when the palaces were hung with lights that trailed gold fringes in the water, when the boats drifted in and out of shadows, and iridescent domes and towers faded off into darkness— then was a passion of great beauty evoked out of dust and fire; for a moment all unreal things were real, and dreams had the hardihood of marble.

No gala city was ever so beautiful as this Columbian City at night. We Americans are wasteful of our treasure, spend-thrift even of memories. But this was a consummate perfect thing—let us not cast it away, but keep it in our hearts.

H. M.

REVIEWS

ROBERT BRIDGES' NEW BOOK

A certain element in the American literary weeklies and monthlies is still descanting on its opinion that "*vers libre* won't do." We are expected to read long papers full of abstract and indefinite words saying that "the poet's true freedom," etc., is not to be gained through this gate. The writers must be innocent of any knowledge of the poetic tradition, otherwise they would know that practically all forms of verse date from antiquity: China and India and Greece had free verse before some forgotten Italian got stuck in the beginning of a *canzone* and called the fragment a sonnet.

Robert Bridges' New Book

Egypt had vowel-chants, and the middle ages their polyrhythmic sequaires and litanies.

And after all these things came the English exposition of 1851 and the Philadelphia Centennial, introducing cast-iron house decorations and machine-made wood fret-work, and there followed a generation of men with minds like the cast-iron ornament, and they set their fretful desire upon machine-like regularity. Miss Mitford had objected to Dante because he was "Gothic"; the indigenous Anglo-Saxon rhythms were neglected because society did not read Anglo-Saxon. And the most imitative generation of Americans ever born on our continent set themselves to exaggerating the follies of England.

For these provincials it is what I can call by no more fitting name than "a smack in the eye" that Robert Bridges, Laureate, whose name is almost a synonym for classic and scholarly poetry, should have labeled one poem in his latest book "experiment in free verse."

.

Robert Bridges' work has been always a subject for debate. There is the party which compares it to the innumerable pseudo-renaissance-classic façades of the buildings of the University of London, etc., and finds it unreadable; and the opposing party which says that if one will only read through the collected edition he will find a reasonable number of poems which will stand comparison with the best in the language.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Beyond dispute, his command of the sheer mechanics of quantitative verse can be looked on with nothing but envy. I have a grave respect for any man who is restless and persistent in the study and honor of his craft.

There are two poems in his last book which it is better to quote than to comment on. The first shows well what he has won from untiring practice of quantitative metres, and from, I should think, the reading of Middle-English. It is as follows:

THE FLOWERING TREE

What fairy fann'd my dreams
 while I slept in the sun?—
As if a flowering tree
 were standing over me:
Its young stem strong and lithe
 went branching overhead,
And willowy sprays around
 fell tasseling to the ground,
All with wild blossom gay
 as is the cherry in May
When her fresh flaunt of leaf
 gives crowns of golden green.

The sunlight was emmesh'd
 in the shifting splendor
And I saw through on high
 to soft lakes of blue sky:
Ne'er was mortal slumber
 so lapt in luxury.
Rather—Endymion—
 would I sleep in the sun
'Neath the trees, divinely,
 with day's azure above,
When my love of beauty
 is met by beauty's love.

Robert Bridges' New Book

So I slept enchanted
under my loving tree,
Till from his late resting
the sweet songster of night
Rousing awaken'd me:
Then! this—the bird's note—
Was the voice of thy throat
which thou gav'st me to kiss.

The other poem is a brief epigram, bitter as Palladas,
full of emotional violence held in by rigid, delicate barriers:

ἐτῶδ' οὖν ἄχθος ἀρούρης

Who goes there? God knows. I'm nobody. How shall I answer?
Can't jump over a gate nor run across the meadow.
I'm but an old whitebeard of inane identity. Pass on.
What's left of me today will very soon be nothing.

This is worthy of a place in the Greek anthology, not only because it is hard and concise as their epigrams, but because it is novel. It is the only poem I can think of which shows quite this sense of the attrition of personality through living. It is not age which speaks, but a mood that is permanent and recurrent in life, and therefore so fine a matter of art.

The thin volume contains also some whimsical lines on *Flycatchers*, inspired possibly by the sight of some of his colleagues on the Academic Committee, but the American reader may imagine that it was written about this or that well-known editor, and get from it an equal pleasure. Dr. Bridges recalls the time when, "a chubby young chap," he sat with others on a school form

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

While an authoritative old wiseacre
Stood over us and from a desk fed us with flies.

Dead flies—such as litter the library south-window,
That buzzed at the panes until they fell stiff-baked on the sill.

.

A dry biped he was, nurtured likewise
On skins and skeletons, stale from top to toe,
With all manner of rubbish and all manner of lies.

The island is to be congratulated on having at last obtained a laureate who declines to treat himself as an institution.

E. P.

Irradiations: Sand and Spray, by John Gould Fletcher. The New Poetry Series. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Let us completely forget for a moment the fact that Mr. Fletcher is one of the Imagists—there has been lately so much idle controversy on the subject—and consider him simply as a poet.

His most marked personal characteristic is an extreme sensitiveness to impressions. He gives us the sense of nature—not a description; the thrill of trees in the wind, of boats under sail, or steamers plunging through heavy seas, “like black, plunging dolphins with red bellies”; of shifting wrinkled sand-dunes; or “the mad ballet of the summer sky.” His is not the art of the symbolist, although it is largely impressionistic. In intention it is as far removed from the school of descriptive landscape poets as a Japanese painting is from a Hudson River primitive. His method is closely allied to music, not only in verse form, but in sub-